

NO.
47

PEP



The SHIELD

MAR.

COMICS

10¢



I, THE
SHIELD,
WILL SAVE
YOU!

PEP
COMICS

10¢

I, THE
SHIELD,
WILL SAVE
YOU!

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

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SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 25

HELLO, GANG:

This is not an ordinary bulletin, it is a reminder. A reminder of what it means to be a SHIELD G-MAN member. We've got the finest club in the world because we have the finest members in the world.

In this time of trouble and bloodshed, boys and girls with high ideals and the spirit of democracy in their hearts were never so much needed. Democracy isn't just a word, it is a belief, perhaps even a religion; a religion of the entire world in which there is no difference between any race, creed or color. Unfortunately, there are people right here in our beloved country who will have you believe otherwise. Don't let them do it. Always remember the next guy is as good as you are, and you are as good as the next guy.

Supposing we have some kind of a contest. I am going to ask you for letters on democracy. Just tell us what you think of Hitler and his way of doing things as compared with the American way of doing things. For instance, here, we elect our government. In Germany, Hitler picks the government. Here we have fair trials for everyone. Over there, they shoot them without a trial. Here, all men are considered equal, over there, the Germans are the super-race. Get the idea?

The best letters will be published every issue on this page and the winners will get an autographed portrait of Dusty and myself. So sit right down and write those letters on democracy right now.

Joe Higgins
(The Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME

ADDRESS.....

AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE



in **The MADMAN'S CASTLE**



D BATH HAS EYES TO SEE IN THE DARK! OR SO IT SEEMED TO THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WHEN THEY PLUNGED INTO THE STRANGE MAZE OF MYSTERY AND MURDER THAT SURROUNDED THE ANCIENT TOWERS OF...
Madman's Castle

MANY AND STRANGE LETTERS
PASS THROUGH THE OFFICES
OF THE FBI....

HMMM! THIS
IS A NEW
ONE!

WHAT DO
YOU MAKE
OF IT?

READS THE
SAME AS THE
OTHERS! WHAT'S
SO DIFFERENT
ABOUT THIS
ONE?

DIDN'T YOU NOTICE
THE CREST-OF-ARMS?
THAT PARTICULAR
DESIGN IS USED
ONLY BY ROYALTY!

DON'T TELL
ME YOU'RE GOING
HIGH-HAT?

Come at once:
you may be in
time to prevent
great harm to
your country
Charlotte
Max

DON'T BE
SILLY! I'M
JUST
CURIOUS!

I KNOW THE
SIGNS... WHEN
DO WE MOVE
IN WITH THE
DUKES AND
DUCHESSES?

AND SO THE NEXT
NIGHT, JOE HIGGINS
AND DUSTY STAND
AT THE ENTRANCE
TO A RUINED CHAT-
EAU...

LOOKS LIKE
ROYALTY IS
OUT OF FASHION
THESE DAYS!

I'M ANXIOUS
TO MEET
THIS
CHARLOTTE
MAX!

I WONDER
IF ANY-
BODY'S
HOME?

YOUR GUESS
IS AS GOOD
AS MINE!

PARDON ME... WE
CAME TO SEE CHAR-
LOTTE MAX!

NEVER HEARD
OF HER! YOU'VE
COME TO THE
WRONG
HOUSE!







WHA?

SHHH!
BE QUIET!



I CAN'T SEE!
IS THAT YOU,
SHIELD?

I AM THE
COUNT DE
MAXIMILIAN!

I HEARD YOU COME
IN! I MUST TALK TO
YOU-- ALONE! IT'S
ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!



SHE'S BEING
HELD A PRIS
AAAAH!!



BANG!
BANG!

HE'S BEEN
SHOT! TURN
ON THE LIGHTS!

WHERE ARE
THEY? I
CAN'T SEE
A THING
IN HERE!



HE'S DEAD! TWO
SHOTS THROUGH
THE BACK--
AND SO CLOSE
TOGETHER
YOU COULD
COVER THEM
WITH A NICKEL
PIECE!



IT CAN'T BE, SHIELD.
NOBODY COULD
SHOOT LIKE THAT
IN THIS DARKNESS!

THERE WAS NO
LIGHT TO SEE BY!
YET SOMEONE SAW
THE COUNT WELL
ENOUGH TO KILL
HIM!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--UNLESS
THE KILLER HAD EYES
THAT CAN SEE IN THE
DARK!



WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT!



YOU SEARCH THE
ROOMS ON THIS
SIDE OF THE HOUSE!
I'LL TAKE THE EAST
WING!

RIGHT!



THE KILLER MAY BE
LURKING IN AMBUSH
ANYWHERE IN THIS
PLACE! I'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL!



COPS!
SORRY TO
INTRUDE!



DID MY
FATHER
SEND YOU
HERE?

WHO IS YOUR COUNT
FATHER? DE MAXIM-
ILIAN, OF
COURSE! HE DOES-
N'T APPROVE OF MY
PAINTING! HE'S ALWAYS
SENDING SOMEONE TO
ANNOY ME IN THE
MIDDLE OF MY
WORK.



HE WON'T ANNOY
YOU ANY MORE! ...
YOU'D BETTER
COME WITH ME!

LET GO OF MY
ARM, YOU
PEASANT!



JUST THEN-- IN
ANOTHER PART
OF THE CASTLE--

THE
SHIELD!



DON'T BE
IN A HURRY
TO CLOSE THAT
DOOR!





I WANTED TO BE PLAIN CHARLOTTE MAX-- HERE IN AMERICA! BUT MY FATHER COULDN'T STOP DREAMING OF THE OLD DAYS OF ROYALTY! HE DIDN'T REALIZE THEY WERE USING HIM AS A FASCIST TOOL!



CALL THE POLICE! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF RIEMAR!

OKAY, SHIELD!



TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM OFFICER! THE FBI WILL WANT TO HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HIM!

WE'LL STICK TO HIM LIKE A COAT OF PAINT!



THAT WINDS UP THE CASE! WE'D BETTER BE GOING!

I'M NOT SO SURE!



YOU THINK RIEMAR KILLED THE COUNT?

SURE! THE COUNT CHANGED HIS MIND WHEN HE SAW HIS DAUGHTER WAS IN DANGER... AND RIEMAR HAD TO KILL HIM!



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THE COUNT WAS KILLED IN A COMPLETELY DARK ROOM? BY A MURDERER WHO SAW WELL ENOUGH TO PUT TWO BULLETS INTO HIS HEART AT TWENTY FEET!

GOSH! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!



THIS MURDER WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE! BY SOMEONE WHO HAD A METHOD ALREADY DECIDED UPON! AND THAT PERSON WAS NOT KURT RIEMAR!

LET'S RECONSTRUCT THE SCENE!
SUPPOSE THIS ROOM WAS COMPLETELY
DARK.. WITHOUT A TRACE OF LIGHT
ANYWHERE! WHERE DID THE MURDERER
GET ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE BY?



WHAT ARE
YOU DRIVING
AT, SHIELD?

THE FACT THAT THE
LIGHT COULD COME
FROM ONLY ONE
PLACE! FROM
COUNT DE
MAXIMILIAN!



JUST THEN

SHIELD! THE
LIGHTS WENT
OUT!



BANG
BANG

DUCK!



WOW! THOSE
SHOTS CAME
CLOSE!

BECAUSE OUR
KILLER CAN
SEE IN THE
DARK!



QUICK! STAND
WITH YOUR
BACKS TO
THE WALL!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA?





DON'T COME NEAR ME, SHIELD! OR I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU'RE IN FRONT OF ME NOW!



AND I FIGURE YOUR JAW SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT HERE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE COUNT'S OWN SON WAS HIS MURDERER!



HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I SAW THE PHOSPHORUS IN HIS PAINT BOX! HE DAUBED IT ON THE COUNT'S BACK—AND WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT HE FIRED INTO THE LIGHT MADE BY THE PHOSPHORUS!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU MADE US STAND WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL

I THOUGHT HE MIGHT TRY THE SAME TRICK ON US! QUEER, BUT IT WAS PHOSPHORUS THAT SHOWED WHERE HE WAS INSTEAD!

TRACES OF THE LUMINOUS PAINT WERE STILL ON HIS FINGERS!



WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY?

HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE MADE KING IN YOUR FATHER'S PLACE! HE INHERITED THE SAME MAD LOVE OF POWER!



YOU KNOW, I ALMOST WISH THEY'D TRIED THEIR REVOLUTION! THEY WOULD HAVE LEARNED HOW A PEOPLE WILL FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY!—AND THAT'S A LESSON THAT TYRANTS ALL OVER THE WORLD NEED TO BE TAUGHT!

END

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

Communique #13

WE GIVE YOU A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE!
A THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, TO
BE EXACT, A FUTURE WHICH WILL BE MADE
POSSIBLE BY THE BATTLE, CRY, OF THE
COMMANDOS TODAY!!

WE'LL NEVER BE LICKED"



THE YEAR..2944...
THE PLACE..
THE UNITED STATES
OF EUROPIA!
A VERY DIFFERENT
EUROPE FROM THE
BLOODY, BATTLE-
SCARRED CONTINENT
FIGHTING OFF
THE NAZI
HORDES TODAY!
AND YET ONE
WONDERS,
ARE THE INHABITANTS
OF THIS UTOPIA
AWARE THAT
THEY OWE THEIR
EXISTENCE
TO THOSE HEROES
OF YESTER YEAR?

THAT IS
OUR STORY!



OUR STORY OPENS IN A MUSEUM IN THE
CAPITOL OF UNITED EUROPE! A MUSEUM
WHICH IS A MONUMENT TO A RACE OF
CULTURE, HARMONY, AND PEACE...

HAVE YOU
BROUGHT ALL
MY SKETCHES,
QUINTOS?

YES,
DANTON!



BEAUTIES,
SIR! NO WONDER
YOU'RE KNOWN
AS THE **GREATEST**
ARTIST IN EUROPIA!

YES, QUINTOS!
THEY'RE
PRETTY
ENOUGH!



..AND YET
NONE OF THEM
ARE **EXACTLY**
WHAT I WANT!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
SIR!



WELL, I'VE BEEN
COMMISSIONED TO DO
THE MURAL FOR THIS
MUSEUM, A MURAL THAT
WILL SYMBOLIZE THE
STRUGGLES OF OUR
ANCESTORS!



AND NONE OF THESE
SKETCHES SEEM TO GRASP
THAT FEELING! I'M DRY
OF INSPIRATION! GET ME
A ROCKET SHIP QUINTOS
I'M GOING ON A TRIP!

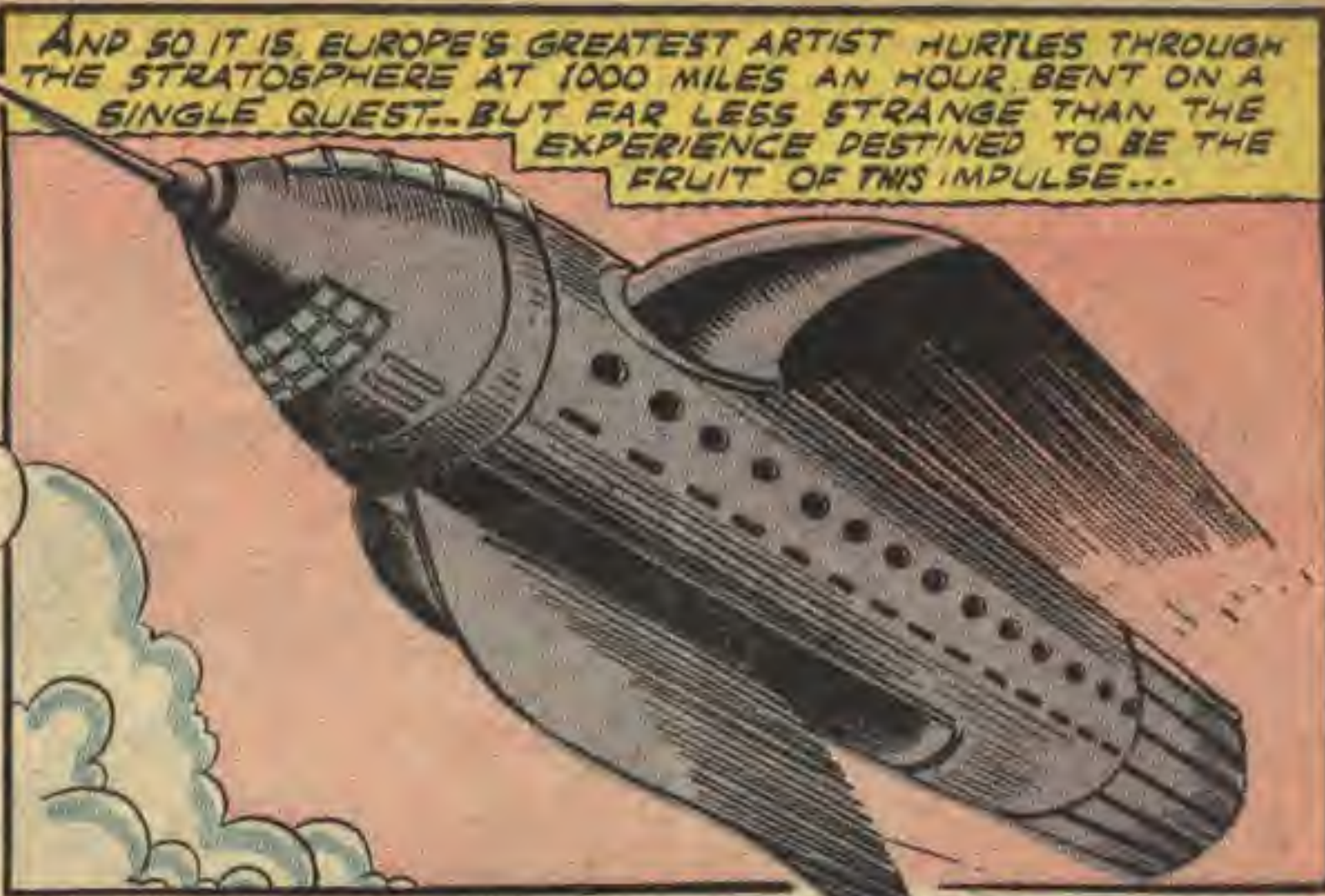
YES,
DANTON!





PERHAPS, I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK BETTER AT MY ESTATE IN ITALY! FAREWELL, QUINTOS!

FAREWELL, SIR, AND GOOD LUCK!



AND SO IT IS, EUROPE'S GREATEST ARTIST HURTLES THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE AT 1000 MILES AN HOUR, BENT ON A SINGLE QUEST... BUT FAR LESS STRANGE THAN THE EXPERIENCE DESTINED TO BE THE FRUIT OF THIS IMPULSE...



FOR DAYS, DANTON ROAMS THE COUNTRYSIDE, NEAR HIS ESTATE TRYING TO CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE INSPIRATION FOR HIS MURAL...



IT'S NO USE! I STILL HAVEN'T GOT IT!!



PHEW! THE SUN'S HOT... AH!... A CAVE! A GOOD PLACE TO COOL OFF!



CLICK!



WHAT'S THIS... LOOKS LIKE A RUSTED IRON POT.. NO! I RECOGNIZE IT NOW! IT'S A HELMET.. A **COMMANDO HELMET!**

AND THAT KNIFE IN THE SKELETON! I'VE SEEN IT IN THE MUSEUM! IT'S A **COMMANDO'S KNIFE!**



JOYE! BLOOD MARKS OVER THE WALL! WHAT A BITTER BATTLE MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN HERE!



THIS CAVE IS A VERITABLE MUSEUM OF RELICS FROM THAT HORRIBLE **SECOND WORLD WAR OF THE 20 TH. CENTURY!** I THINK I'LL DO SOME EXPLORING!



I WONDER WHAT STORY SURROUNDS THESE TRAGIC ARTICLES!



I WONDER... I WONDER... I FEEL SO TIRED....



AND SO... OUR ARTIST IS FLASHED BACK THROUGH THE AGES IN HIS DREAM - BACK TO THE YEAR 1943! AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, THE COMMANDOS LAND ON THE BULLET-SWEPT BEACHES OF ITALY! ONCE MORE, OUR HEROES ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, WITH THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION - THE **NAZIS AND FASCISTS!**



UP AND AT 'EM, **COMMANDOS!**
EVERY MAN TO HIS
OBJECTIVE!!



SUDDENLY, PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE! SHELLS
EXPLODE ALL AROUND.... THE AIR IS FILLED WITH
THE SMOKE AND CRIES OF BATTLE....



THEY'VE SPOTTED
US.. RUN FOR
THE HILLS



LET'S ENTRENCH
HERE! THIS HILL
DOMINATES THE PASS!
WE'LL HOLD 'EM 'TILL
REENFORCEMENTS
ARRIVE!



GET SET, BOYS!
MAN THE
MACHINE
GUNS!

I'LL SEE
WHAT'S
COOKING
DOWN
BELOW!



HOLY FISHES!
LOOK WHAT
I SEE!



THE COMMANDOS ARE RE-EMBARKING!
DO WE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT
OR STAY AND DEFEND THIS
PASS 'TIL REINFORCEMENTS
ARRIVE!



WE
STAY!

OF
COURSE!



AND SOON THE SHELLS BEGIN TO EXPLODE ALL AROUND THEM. THE ACRID SMELL
OF CORDITE FILLS THE AIR...



HEY, FELLERS!
HERE DEY COME!
GIVE 'EM DE
WOIKS!

AND ACTION THE NAZIS GET! THEY ARE MOWED
DOWN BY MACHINE GUN FIRE....

ACHTUNG!

HIMMEL!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK!
THEY'RE
COMING OVER WITH
PLANES! MAKE FOR
THE CAVE!

HURRY, BOYS!
THEY'RE DROPPING
EGGS!

AND SO BEGINS A SAGA OF
HEROISM, UNPARALLELED IN
THE HISTORY OF THE WAR!
FOUR BOYS, AND A MAN HOLDING
A CAVE AGAINST THE
DESTRUCTIVE FURY OF
HUNDREDS!

THIS IS IT, LADS! THERE'S
ONLY ONE LAST ROUND
OF MACHINE GUN
AMMUNITION LEFT!

WE CAN STILL
BREAK OUT OF HERE
AND GET AWAY WITH
WHOLE SKINS!
THE DECISION
LIES WITH
YOU!





THUS IT IS THAT SOME
WEEKS LATER A NEW
MURAL ADORNS THE MUSEUM,
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM!
A MURAL WHICH SWEEPS
EUROPIA WITH ITS
MESSAGE AND INSPIRATION..



The HANGMAN

and The NOOSE!



THIS STORY REALLY BEGINS IN THE YEAR 1608, WHEN THE NOTORIOUS BUCCANEER, ELIAS WOLFE, WAS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE -

WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF HIGH PIRACY! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH-- BY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!



AS ELIAS WOLFE WAS LED FROM THE COURT, HE BROKE FREE FROM THE BAILIFFS -

YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME!

SEIZE HIM!



OH!! \$@



TRAPPED! BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!



BY A MISCHANCE, THE BULLET THAT WOLFE MEANT FOR HIS PURSUERS STRUCK DOWN AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN



WE'VE GOT YOU! BUT YOU'VE KILLED THE GYPSY!

THE OLD HAG DESERVED TO DIE! I WOULD'VE ESCAPED--HAD SHE NOT BLOCKED MY PATH!



I HOPE THE MAGGOTS TAKE HER BONES!

I HEAR YOU, ELIAS WOLFE! A CURSE UPON THEE FOR THY BLACK HEART!



LET ALL THY OFFSPRING DIE AS THOU WILT-
AT THE END OF A NOOSE! NONE SHALL
ESCAPE THE FATE!



I AM NOT AFEARED OF A
WOMAN'S CURSE!
NOT ELIAS WOLFE!

COME
ALONG!



BUT ELIAS WOLFE
DIED AT THE END
OF A HANGMAN'S
NOOSE...AND BY A
STRANGE QUIRK
OF FATE, SO DID
THE MEMBERS
OF THE WOLFE
CLAN WHO FOL-
LOWED HIM! SOME
FOR MUTINY, AND
SOME FOR MURDER
OTHERS FOR THEIR
FAITH OR THEIR
POLITICS... ALL OF
THEM DIED --

AND THE LAST OF THE WOLFE
CLAN.. RICHARD WOLFE- RETURNED
TO THE SEA. HE WAS A PIRATE
TOO.. IN THE MODERN SENSE
THOUGH HIS GAMBLING SHIP NEVER
MOVED BEYOND THE 3 MILE LIMIT...



HARVEY GRAHAM, THE PLAYBOY,
HIT A LUCKY STREAK AT
ROULETTE! WE OWE HIM FIFTY
GRAND, AND HE WANTS TO
COLLECT!

I CAN'T PAY
HIM!



WE CAN'T WELSH ON
HIM! HE'D TELL
EVERYBODY HE
KNEW AND RUIN OUR
BUSINESS!

SEND HIM TO
ME! I'LL TALK TO
HIM!





MR. WOLFE
WILL SEE YOU
NOW!

I HOPE HE'S
GOT THE
CASH READY!



BOB DICKERING AND THELMA
GORDON ARE AMONG THOSE
WHO WATCH THE LUCKY
WINNER DEPART-

GRAHAM WON
A FORTUNE
TONIGHT!

SOME PEOPLE
HAVE ALL THE
LUCK!



DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH
YOU'LL FIND YOUR FEATURE
STORY HERE TONIGHT!
NOTHING EXCITING
HAS HAPPENED!

I HAVEN'T
GIVEN UP,
BOB!



AT THIS MOMENT...

ROSA! WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

TONIGHT IS BAD LUCK...
AND DEATH! I SAW IT
IN THE CARDS! I
CAME TO WARN YOU!



SAVE YOUR PROPHECIES
FOR THE CUSTOMERS!
THEY PAY FOR THAT
HOKUM. I'M BUSY!

I ONLY TELL
YOU WHAT IS
WRITTEN!



I'M SORRY GRAHAM
BUT I CAN'T PAY
YOU THE FIFTY
THOUSAND
TONIGHT!

YOU'LL PAY-
OR I'LL TELL
EVERYONE I
KNOW THAT
YOU'RE A CROOK!
I'LL PUT YOU
OUT OF
BUSINESS!



I'LL TELL
THEM ANYWAY!
I... WHA?

SIT DOWN,
GRAHAM!

GIVE ME
THAT GUN...
OOOOOH

LOOK
OUT!

I DIDN'T MEAN
TO KILL HIM!

I WARNED YOU!
WHAT IS WRITTEN
CANNOT BE CHANGED!

BAD LUCK...
AND DEATH!
I TOLD YOU!

STOP BLABBER-
ING! TELL THE
BOYS TO GET RID
OF OUR GUESTS.

AND THEN
MEET ME
HERE IN THE
CABIN!

THE VISITORS
ARE LOADED INTO A
MOTOR LAUNCH TO BE
TAKEN ASHORE--

I DON'T SEE HARVEY
GRAHAM ANYWHERE!

HMM
THAT

IS
QUEER! I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM EITHER!
HE'LL BE
ALONG!

I'M GOING TO
LOOK FOR HIM!

DON'T
BE
SILLY
THEL! THEY'RE
WAITING FOR
US!

WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOARD
THIS SHIP! AND A GOOD NEWS-
PAPER WOMAN SHOULD
FIND OUT WHY!

DON'T WORRY THEL!
I'M GOING TO FIND
HARVEY GRAHAM!

BOB!

OF ALL THE LOWDOWN
TRICKS! JUST WAIT UNTIL
I MEET YOU ASHORE!



THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, GENTLEMEN! I'LL WAGER YOU THOUGHT I'D SHARE YOUR FATE-AND END MY DAYS ON A HANGMAN'S NOOSE! BUT YOU'RE WRONG



DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!



THE HANGMAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

YOU KILLED HARVEY GRAHAM!



YOU WON'T ESCAPE THE PENALTY FOR YOUR CRIME! YOUR DOOM IS SEALED, RICHARD WOLFE!

YOU TALK BRAVELY FOR A DOOMED MAN!



IN MY BUSINESS, I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS! ONE OF MY MEN IS IN THE NEXT ROOM-WITH A PISTOL AIMED AT YOUR HEART! I SIGNED HIM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED!



WHEN I SIGNAL HIM AGAIN-- YOU DIE!



LET'S SEE HOW HE CAN SHOOT IN THE DARK!



WHEW! PRETTY CLOSE! THAT GUY'S A DEAD SHOT. ALL RIGHT!



I'LL GET THE HANGMAN MYSELF!



THERE HE IS! HE'S OPENING THE DOOR!



AAAAHHH!

GOT HIM!



ROSA!

YOU CANNOT..ESCAPE! IT IS..WRIT-
TEN..THAT YOU DIE! JUST AS THEY
DIED..SO..MANY..YEARS..AGO....



THAT'S
YOUR LAST
KILLING!

HANGMAN!



YOU'LL
NEVER GET
ME!

WANT TO
BET ON
THAT ?



YOU WEREN'T
EXPECTING THAT,
EH ?





CORPSES DON'T WALK

By Lee Floren

JOE MANTON squeezed the trigger and the automatic kicked back against the palm of his hand. But there was no report; the silencer—and the roar of the storm outside—saw to that.

Manton looked down at the corpse. Old Jake Walker lay on his back, his blood already covering the splintery floor of the log cabin. His left arm was cramped under his thin body, the other was flung out. Manton's heart beat heavily.

The safe-door was still open. He shut it and then turned the dial until it was locked. The irony of this cut into him deeply. Old Walker was supposed to have had cash in that safe. Manton had made him open it.

But, the safe had been empty.

Then, old Walker had lunged for his gun, there on the table. And Manton had shot him through the brain. Manton tensed suddenly, his breathing suspended. He listened. Had he heard a footstep outside? No, there was only the blizzard, howling at the cabin's eaves.

He thought, *I gotta watch my nerves.*

He worked quickly, got old Walker's gun; it was the same caliber as his own. He placed it in Walker's hand, curled the fingers around its cold handle. He cast a brief glance around the cabin.

He had left no fingerprints because he had worn gloves. Because of the blizzard, nobody had seen him leave the town of Waterville, a half-mile away. Everything was okay; he would never be tied up with this murder.

He went outside.

The night was dark now, like the inside of a black barrel of tar. The snow spun in eddies covering his tracks behind him. It stung at his face with needle-sharpness. Despite the zero weather, his face

felt hot, flushed. He needed a drink, a stiff drink. He went into the Diamond Bar saloon.

His fingers were trembling. Well, there was no blood on them. A booming voice broke into his thoughts.

"Hello, Manton."

Fear ripped through Manton. He'd know that voice anywhere. He turned his head slowly. Gradually his fear subsided. He'd have to keep himself from getting scared like this; nobody knew he'd murdered old Jake.

"Hello, Sheriff Carr."

"Have a drink, Manton?"

"Thanks."

The sheriff drank and then listened to the storm outside. "Hell of a night," he said.

Manton smiled. "Nice night for a murder," he poked.

"Things are quiet," said the sheriff.

Manton's nerves quieted then. He wished he hadn't made that crack about "murder," but evidently Carr paid it no attention.

"Heard your dad was sick," he said.

"He is," said Manton.

"That's too bad."

Manton said nothing. Carr knew how things set between him and his father. Then Manton felt an urge to talk. This silent manner of the law-man was irritating.

"He hasn't sent for me, sheriff, and I don't suppose he will."

"You maybe ought to go see him."

Manton shook his head. "No. He kicked me out. He said I was no good an' he wanted to forget me. I've worked here for six months, worked with my hands for a damn small bit of money. If he knew I was working in his mine, he'd probably get me canned."

"Too bad, Manton."

Next morning he went down

with the rest of the miners in the bucket. He listened but nobody mentioned old Jake. That meant, then, that nobody had found Jake's body. Manton thought of fleeing, but he wiped that plan aside. That would cast suspicion in his direction. He'd stay, bluff it through.

Nobody mentioned old Jake.

He worked the shift, came up. The wind had died now but the snow lay thick. It crunched beneath his boots. He met Sheriff Carr in front of the General Store. His heart quickened. Then he held his emotions tightly.

"Cold day," he said.

"You were lucky. You were underground all day; down there it's warm. Us poor mortals up here had to suffer in the cold."

Manton laughed. "But you ain't got no callouses on your hands, sheriff."

"How's your dad?"

"I don't know," Manton said. He added, "And I don't care."

Carr nodded.

Manton went down the street. He wondered if Carr were watching him? He wanted to look back to see but he decided against it. He went into the saloon.

My God! he thought.

For there was a man drinking at the bar. A lanky thin man who wore a dirty mackinaw and boots and heavy woolen pants. But Manton wasn't interested in his clothes. The man's face was what sent horror through him. For the man was old Jake!

No, no he thought. *No, no. . . .*

But it was Jake! Or was it? No, it wasn't. Manton relaxed. This man's face was a little different than Jake's. A little fuller and the whiskers— The man looked at Manton and Manton's breath froze again. Then sanity returned. It couldn't be Jake—Jake was dead!

No, it wasn't Jake.

"What'll it be, Manton?" asked the bartender.

Manton turned, suddenly. He collected his nerves. "Bourbon," he said huskily.

The bartender said, "You look sick, fella."

"Don't feel well," said Manton.

He tossed off his drink, and left. Outside in the dark, he stood beside a building. His heart beat until he could hear it.

Dead men don't walk, he thought.

But don't they? Maybe they come back—Manton knew that was foolish thinking. Then the man left the saloon. The light of the building fell against him. And again Manton felt terror rip through him.

No, it couldn't be—it couldn't.

But it could be! Maybe he had just wounded old Jake. Maybe Jake had come to and washed his face and put on his cap—But then, Jake would have recognized him, back there in the saloon, and this man hadn't.

Then another thought came. Old Jake hadn't come to work today and yet nobody was talking about why he hadn't showed up. Maybe he hadn't died! Maybe he'd just told somebody he was sick and wasn't going to work. Maybe Jake had decided to stalk him and kill him. . . .

Manton watched.

The man crossed the street to Sheriff Carr's office. There was a lamp lighted there but evidently Carr was not in because the man came out. Manton heard him speak to a woman who happened to be passing.

"Where's Sheriff Carr?"

"Up at the depot."

The man went that way. Soon he and Carr came back, talking. Then Carr called to a passerby.

"Mike, seen Joe Manton?"

"Just saw him in front of the hardware store."

"I'm looking for him," said Carr.

Again terror knifed through Manton. Carr was looking for him! There was something here he didn't quite understand. Carr had no reason to be looking for him. Or had he? Did Carr know he had killed old Jake?

Carr saw him then. "Oh, Manton."

Fear gripped Manton. Fear turned his feet and sent him hurrying through the snow. He'd have to get away! Carr and this man—this man who looked like Jake—or was he old Jake? The night swallowed Manton.

Carr said, "Now what's ailing him?"

"Let's go to the cabin," said the man.

Manton was fleeing through the night. He was along the creek. He tripped over a root and went down. He got up, wallowing in the snow. His hand was on his gun. He didn't know where he was at first. Then ahead, he saw the outlines of old Jake's cabin.

Many thoughts went through him. He had to get out, but he'd settle this thing—he'd go see if Jake was dead. Manton pushed into the cabin. The place was inky dark. It was cold, too.

Fingers trembling, he lighted a match. The light flared, lighted the cabin momentarily, then died suddenly. The interval of light had been so brief he had seen nothing of importance. He had one more match. He touched it to the lamp.

The yellow rays shot out. He stared at the floor. His fear subsided then. For there lay old Jake just as he had left him. One arm crooked under him, the other holding the gun.

Then, he heard the men outside. They were coming toward the cabin. He couldn't go out the door. Desperately, he looked for a window. There was one but it was on the same side of the room as the door. He was trapped!

Carr came in first. Manton's bullet ripped into the sheriff's shoulder.

Behind Carr was the man—the man who looked like old Jake. Manton shot at him and missed, and then Carr had his gun out. Manton saw the flare but he never heard the report. He died too fast.

Carr said, "He broke my shoulder."

"What is this all about?" the man asked.

"Search me," said Carr. "There's your brother, fellow. He's dead." Carr knelt beside old Jake. "He's committed suicide."

The man frowned. "Now why did he kill himself?"

"Funny old duck," said Carr. "Threatened a number of times to kill himself. You came too late to see your brother alive, fellow. But what's Manton doing here? And why did he shoot at me?"

"What did you want to see him about?"

"Quite a long story," said Carr slowly. "His father is rich, he owns the mines here. He owns mines all over the West. His father died a few hours ago. I was just coming from the depot with the telegram when I met you. You see, I wanted to notify Manton that his father had left him his entire fortune. . . ."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF PEP COMICS, published monthly except June and November at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the PEP COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Editor, Harry Shorten, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M.L.J. Magazines (Partnership), 160 West Broadway,

New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1943.
MAURICE COYNE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

Archie

is an **MLJ** feature

JUMPIN' GEE!!
I WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE IN ARCHIE'S
PLACE FOR
ANYTHING!

HA! HA! YEAH, HE
SURE IS HOT
STUFF!

AN
MLJ
PUBLICATION



WATCH
OUT
BELOW!

DANGER
ZONE



HEH! HEH
THE TROUBLE
THAT KID, ARCHIE
GETS INTO!

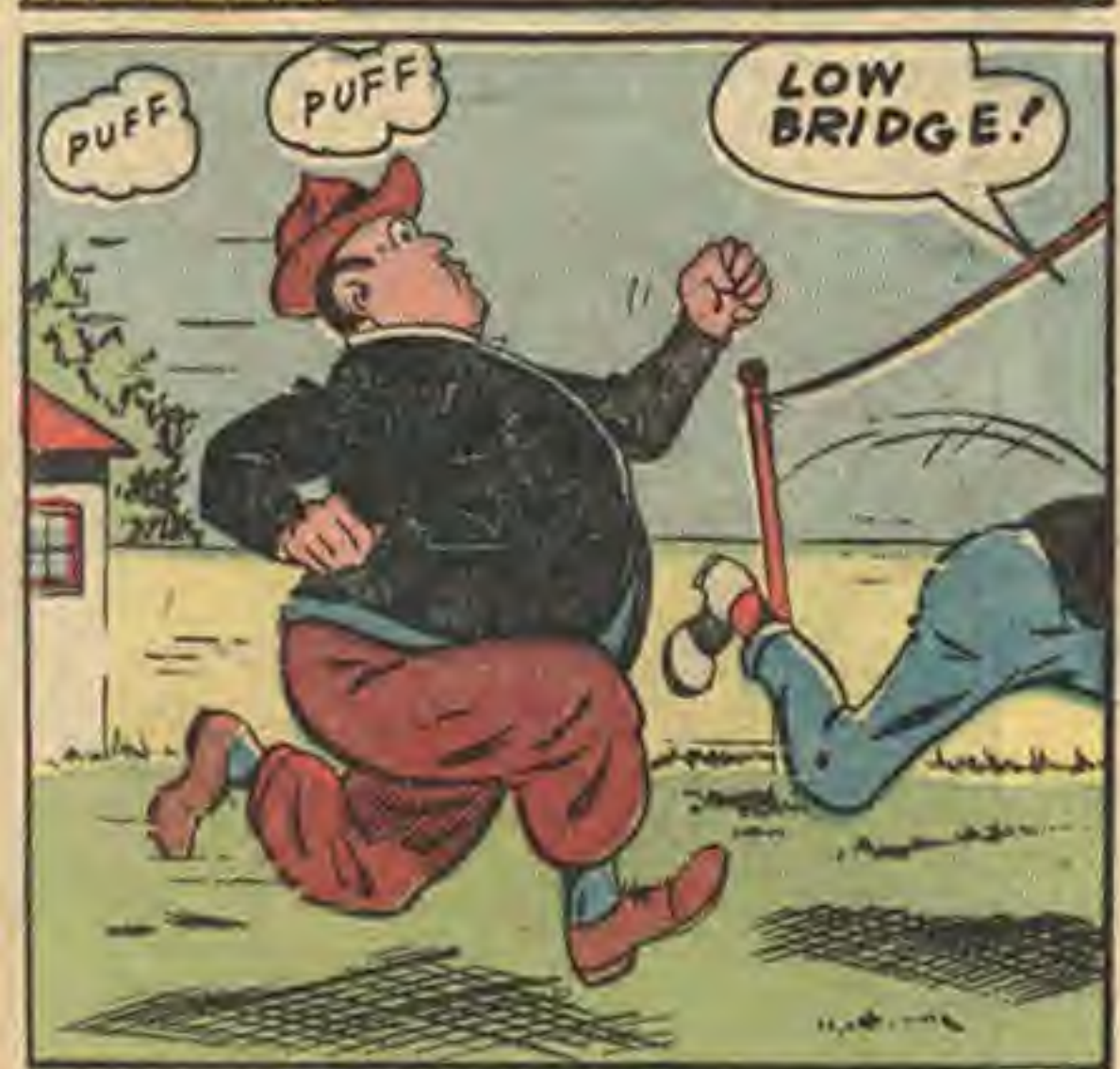




Archie

SHANE







WHAM!





UP HERE!
CALL OFF
THAT MAN-
EATER SO'S
I CAN COME
DOWN!



WE'RE CERTAINLY
GRATEFUL-MR. MCGEE
FOR FINDING AND
TAKING SUCH GOOD
CARE OF OSCAR!

IS THAT
YOUR DOG!



THAT ANIMAL JUST
ATE FIVE DOLLARS
WORTH OF MEAT!
AND YOU'RE GOING
TO PAY FOR IT!



YES SIR-
OSCAR CERTAIN-
LY IS OUR DOG!

THAT'S ALL
I WANTED TO
KNOW!



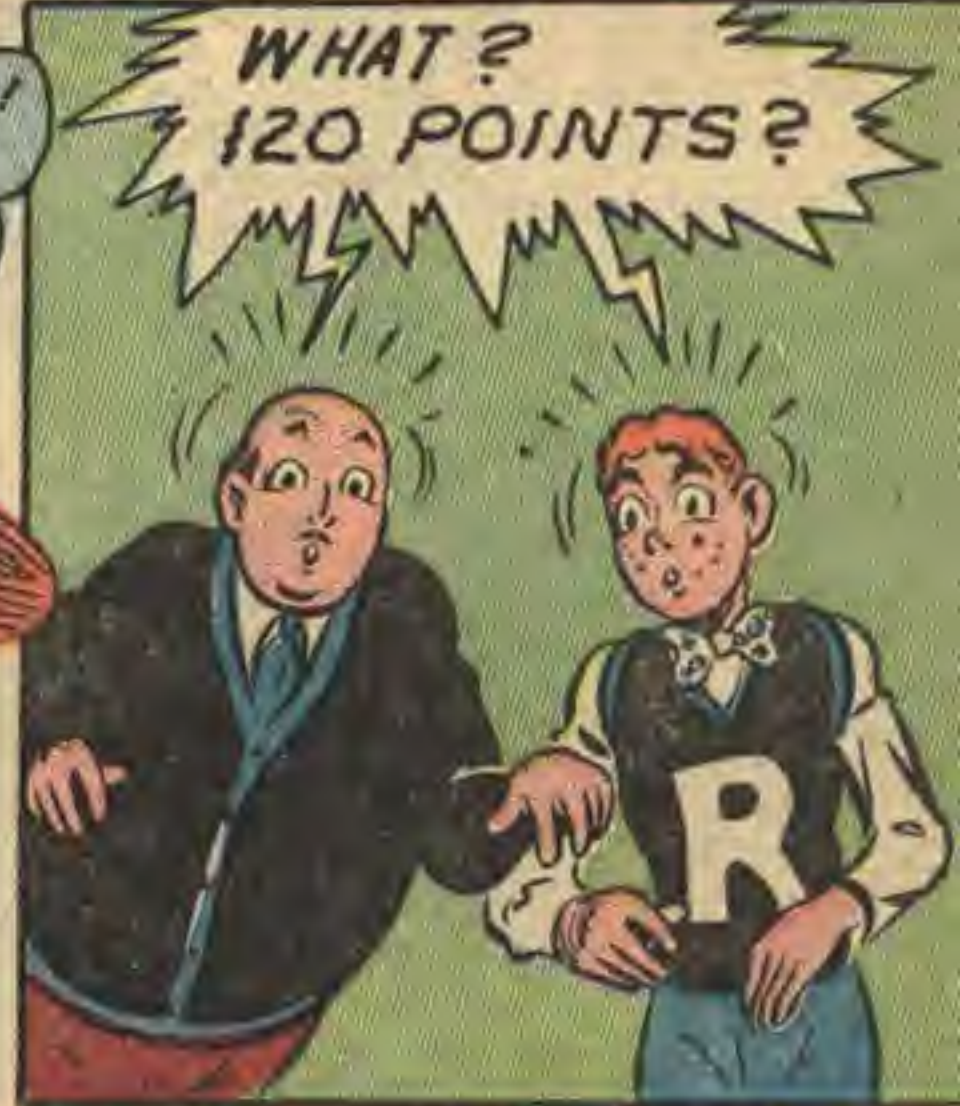
HA-HA-HA- WE CAN'T GET
MEAT, AND MY DOG GETS \$5.00
WORTH! IT'S WORTH PAYING IT-
JUST FOR THE LAUGH!



SEE IF YOU CAN
LAUGH THIS OFF!
IT'S GOING TO TAKE
ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY
POINTS!



WHAT?
120 POINTS?





HELLO, MARY-
WILL YOU BRING
ALL OUR RATION
BOOKS TO M'GEE'S
MARKET AND
HURRY!

ALL OF THEM?
WHY FRED,
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

LATER-



-119-

-120!
THERE! THAT'S
ALL OF THEM!



THEIR
RATION BOOKS

FRED ANDREWS
MARY ANDREWS
ARCHIE ANDREWS



**3 WEEKS
LATER-**

HELLO, FOLKS!
WHAT'S COOKING?

HELLO, JUGHEAD,
WON'T YOU
HAVE SOME
SPAGHETTI?
WE'VE LOTS
OF IT!

NO THANKS, MRS. AND-
REWS. I'M FILLED!
WE'VE JUST FINISHED
A NICE ROAST BEEF!
YESTERDAY WE HAD A
DELICIOUS HAM! THE
DAY BEFORE WE HAD-



NOW WHAT'S
EATIN' THEM?
???

Catfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS

YOU REMEMBER JOE WAS ABOARD CAP'N KEEL'S LANDGOIN' TUGBOAT WHEN THEY RAN INTO A FLOOD. THEY RESCUED SEVERAL ANIMALS FROM THE WATER AND THEN JOE SAW A PAIR OF EARS STICKING OUT OF THE WATER AND THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND ANOTHER PIG BUT —

GOSH! I AINT NEVER SEEN NO HAWG WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!



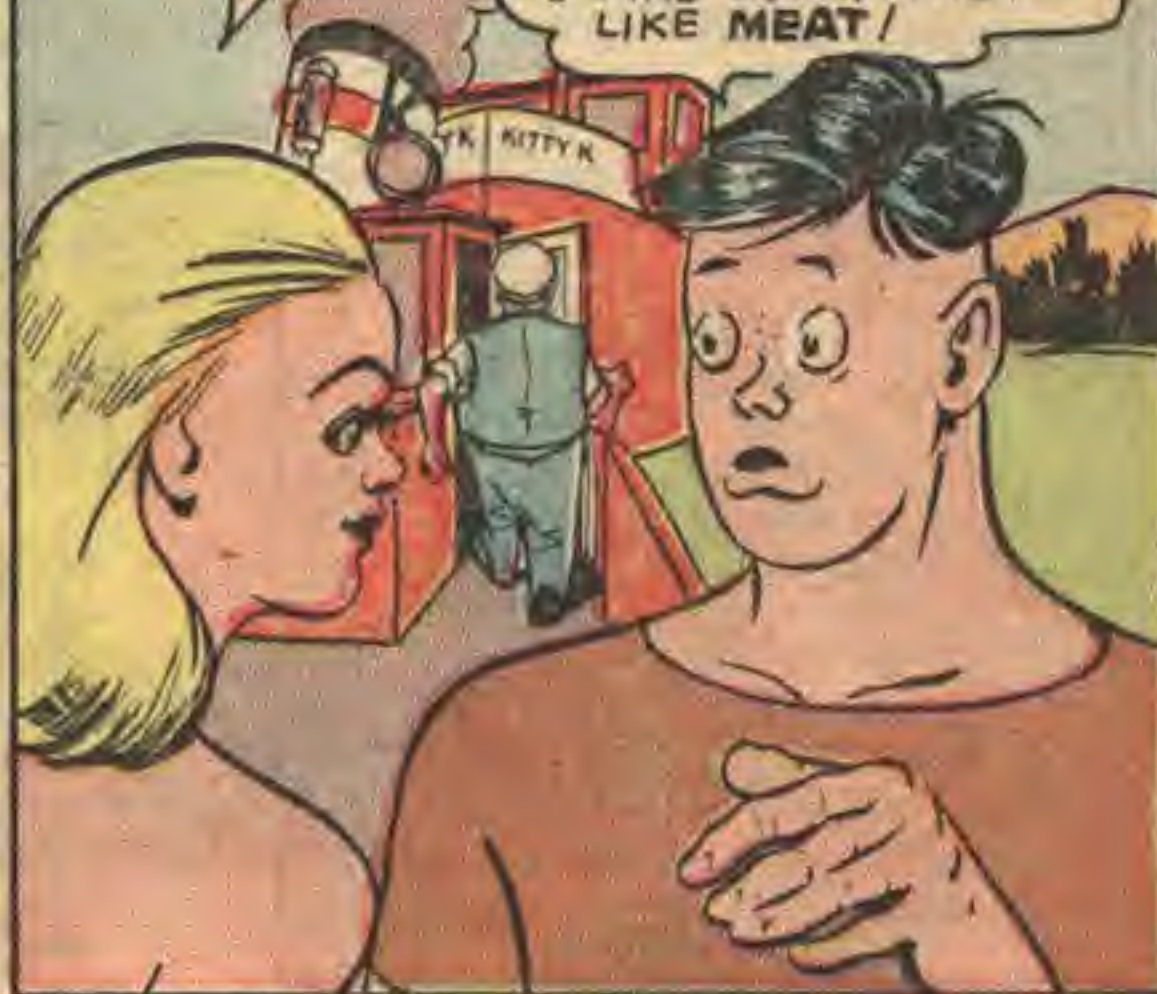
THAT HAIN'T NO HAWG, SON! THAT'S A HIPPO!

BUT GRAN'FATHER! I READ IN A BOOK THAT HIPPOS ARE FOUND ONLY IN AFRICA!

I GUESS MEBBE THIS FELLER HAIN'T READ TH' BOOKS!

WHY JOE! HOW'D YOU GET BACK ABOARD SO QUICKLY!

I GOT TO STUDYIN' ABOUT WHAT THEM CRITTERS EATS AN' I FIGGERED I BETTER GIT OUT OF REACH TILL I FIND OUT IF THEY LIKE MEAT!



DROP THIS LOOP OVER HIS HEAD, JOE, AN' WE'LL TOW HIM ALONG! THEY'S MEBBE SOMEBUDDY MIGHTY SORROWFUL 'BOUT LOSIN' THAT CRITTER!

H-M-M! IFF'N IT WAS ME I'D BE GLAD T' GIT RID OF 'IM!

HOW'RE YA DOIN' BACK THAR SON?

OKAY CAP'N! TH' HIPPO IS A-COMIN' ALONG LIKE A HOUN' DAWG ON A LEADIN' ROPE!

BY CRACKY! THAR'S TH' ROAD WE BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER! NOW WE KIN CLIMB OUT ON DRY LAND AGAIN!

GOOD! THEN WE CAN GET RID OF THIS MENAGERIE WE'VE BEEN COLLECTING IN THIS FLOOD!

ALL BUT TH' HIPPO! IT WOULDN'T BE FITTEN TO TURN THAT CRITTER LOOSE IN TH' WOODS! MIGHT HURT SOMEBUDDY!

A SHORT DISTANCE UP THE ROAD AT THE MOUNTAIN ESTATE OF LADY BIDDLEBOOT THE AFRICAN EXPLORER-

COME, DOLORES. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR LUNCHEON!

NOW, NOW, DOLORES! MUSTN'T SULK! COME GET THE NICE LUNCH OR I'LL GIVE IT TO THE LITTLE PUSSYCAT!

THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE!

BEWARE OF THE HIPPO
SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK!

MY GOSH, BOSS,
LOOK! I BET
DOLORES HAS
TOOK A POWDER!

OH DEAR! SHE MAY
BE HURT! I'LL
SEE IF I CAN
CALL HER!

AT THIS MOMENT
CAP'N KEEL'S
STRANGE PROCESSION
IS PASSING
THE ESTATE!

YOO HOO
DOLORES
LUNCH!

HEY!
WE STOPPED!

O-O-F

AVAST THAR, JOE!
WE'RE A-GOIN'
ASTERN!

I KNOW CAP'N! IT'S
THAT HIPPO! HE STOPPED
SUDDENLY AN' THEN
MADE A DIVE FER A
HOLE IN THAT WALL!

DOLORES!
YOU NAUGHTY
GIRL! GIVING
'YOUR MAMA
SUCH A SCARE!

MA'AM, IS THAT
CRITTER A RELATION
OF YOURS?

I BEG YOUR
PARDON! WERE
YOU ADRESSING
ME?

BY GOLLY!
THERE IS
A RESEMBLANCE
AT THAT!

YOU'VE GOT A ROPE ON DOLORES! YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL MY DARLING!



NO, LADY, SHE WAS TRYIN' T' STEAL US!



AN' IF YOU'LL JES' BE SO KIND AS TO CAST OFF THAT LINE WE'LL BE A-LEAVIN' YOU AN' YORE DARLIN' FER EVER!



LATER

GRAN' FATHER I THINK THAT POLICEMAN WANTS US TO STOP!



SORRY, SKIPPER, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR COURSE! THERE'S BEEN A WASHOUT UP AHEAD!



MISTER, DOES THAT ROAD GO IN TH' DIRECTION OF MUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?



MISSISSIPPI? NO, THAT'S OVER TH' MOUNTAIN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION! BUT IT'S A NARROW CROOKED TRAIL! YOU'D NEVER GET OVER IT WITH THAT RIG!



CAP'N I RECKON WE'LL HAFFTA LEAVE YO HERE! ME AN' GABBY AIM T' TAKE TH' SHORTEST ROAD TO MUDCAT!



WE'LL BE SORRY TO SEE YA SHOVE OFF, SON!



BETTER BE CAREFUL, BUD! THERE'S A STORM COMIN' UP AN' IT'LL BE DARK B'FORE LONG! THAT TRAIL CAN BE PRETTY DANGEROUS AT NIGHT!



I'LL BE OKAY! I SHORE 'PRECATE YOU FOLKS GIVIN' ME A LIFT!



LOOK AT THAT LIGHTNIN' GABBY! RECKON THAT FELLER WAS RIGHT ABOUT TH' STORM! AN' IT'S A'STARTIN' T' GIT DARK TOO!



THERE'S A LIGHT UP
AHEAD! MEBBE WE
KIN GIT THESE FOLKS
T' LET US SLEEP IN
THEIR BARN TONIGHT!



IT'S A SPOOKY LOOKIN'
PLACE BUT I'M GLAD
IT'S HERE! THAT
STORM IS A-COMIN'
MIGHTY FAST!



HURRYING AHEAD OF
JOE WE TAKE A
PEEK INSIDE THIS
MYSTERIOUS LOOKING
PLACE AND MEET
THE INFAMOUS
GOOBER TWINS-
FUDDY AND DUDDY!
THESE BRILLIANT
SCIENTISTS HAVE
JUST COMPLETED
ANOTHER OF THE
WEIRD EXPERIMENTS
THAT HAVE GIVEN
THEM THEIR
UNUSUAL REPUTATION!



IT IS
FINISHED,
BROTHER
FUDDY!
THE GOOBER
HAVE DONE
IT AGAIN!



A REMARKABLE
ACHIEVEMENT, BROTHER
DUDDY! THE GOOBER
FLEA EXTRACT HAS
BEEN PERFECTED!

CORRECT BROTHER!
ONE DOSE OF THE
GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT
WILL GIVE A PERSON
THE STRENGTH AND
STAMINA OF A FLEA
IN PROPORTION TO
HIS SIZE!

A MAN CAN
JUMP TWO THOUSAND
FEET AT A SINGLE
BOUND AND LAND
WITHOUT INJURY--
---WE HOPE!



AND YOU, MY DEAR
BROTHER, SHALL BE
THE FIRST TO TEST
THE REMARKABLE
POWER OF OUR
ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!

OH NO, BROTHER
DUDDY, THAT HONOR
MUST BE YOURS!



I INSIST, BROTHER FUDDY, YOU MUST HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING FIRST!

NO, BROTHER DUDDY! IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE FIRST!

YOU FORGET THAT I TESTED THAT BAT EXTRACT WE MADE AND SPENT A MISERABLE DAY BLINDLY FLITTING ABOUT THE ROOM BASHING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALLS!

YES - BUT I TRIED OUT THE ELIXIR OF SNAKE OIL AND WORE ALL THE SKIN OFF MY STOMACH WRIGGLING ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!



KNOCK!

WAIT, BROTHER! SOME LUCKY PERSON IS KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR!

SPLENDID! IT SHALL BE HIS GOOD FORTUNE TO BECOME THE GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT PIONEER!

KNOCK!



NOW WHO CAN THAT BE? IF IT'S WHO WE THINK IT IS THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME MIGHTY EXCITING HAPPENINGS IN NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS

Animal-Antix

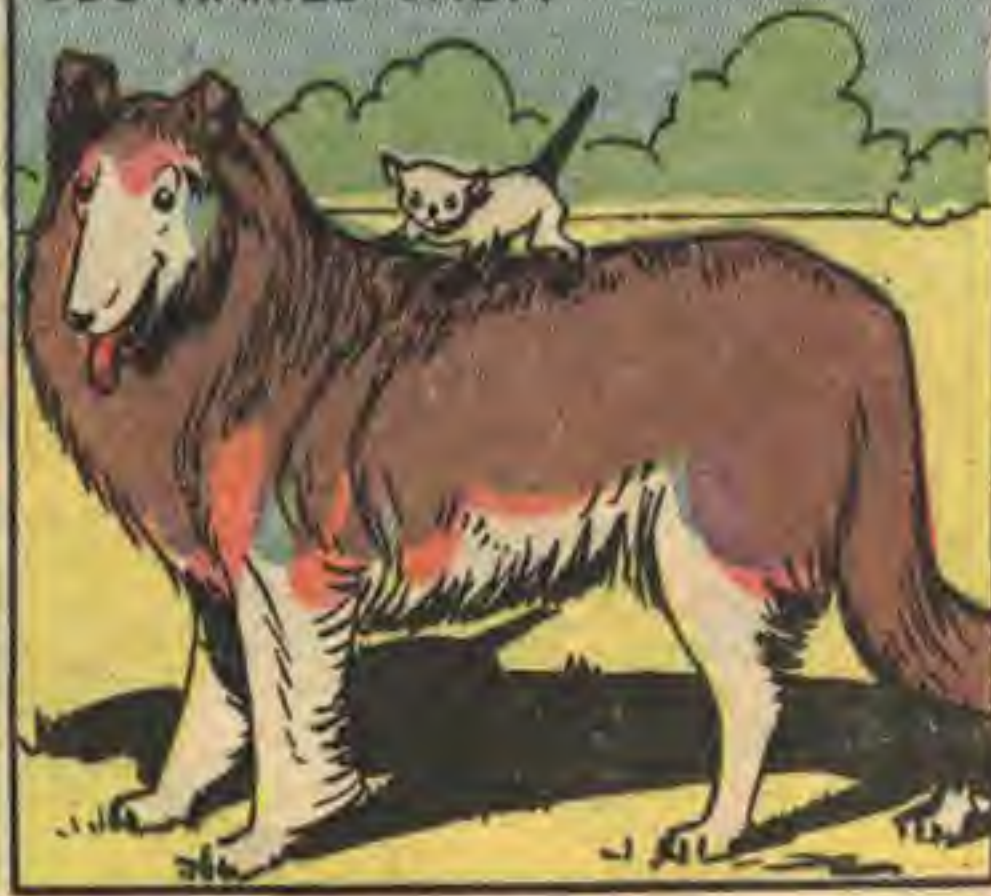
SEND YOUR ANIMAL-ANTIX TO CATFISH JOE, PEP COMICS 160 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

BOBBY WARNKE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO SAYS A SQUIRREL CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND STOLE NUTS FROM A BOWL ON A TABLE!



PATTY HOFFMAN OF PORTLAND OREGON SAYS HER UNCLE JACK HAS A PET DEER ON HIS RANCH THAT HE HAS TRAINED TO JUMP THROUGH A HOOP!

KENNETH WINTER OF INDIANAPOLIS WRITES THAT HIS KITTEN, BEULAH, LIKES TO RIDE ON THE BACK OF A BIG COLLIE DOG NAMED SHEP!

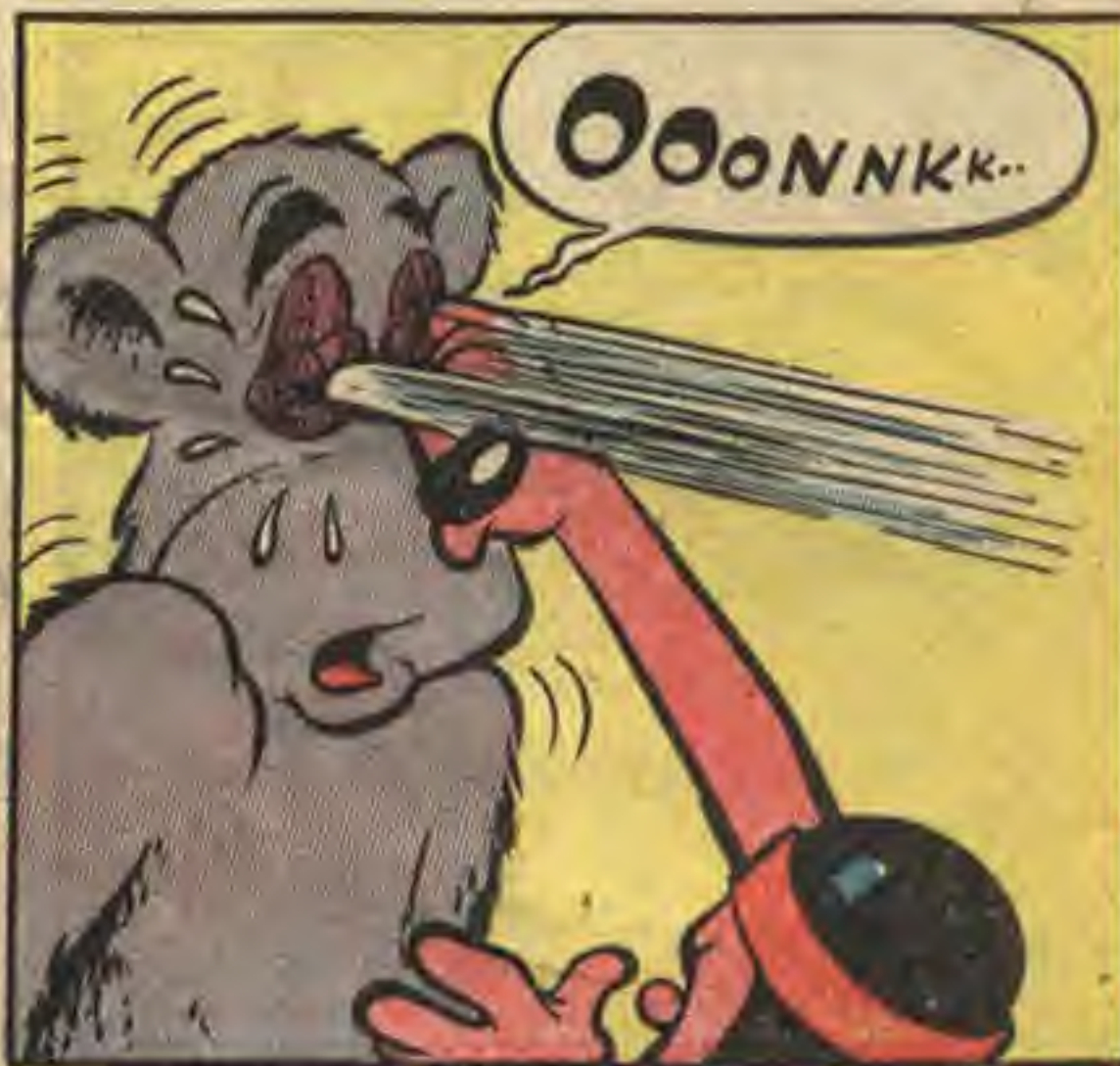


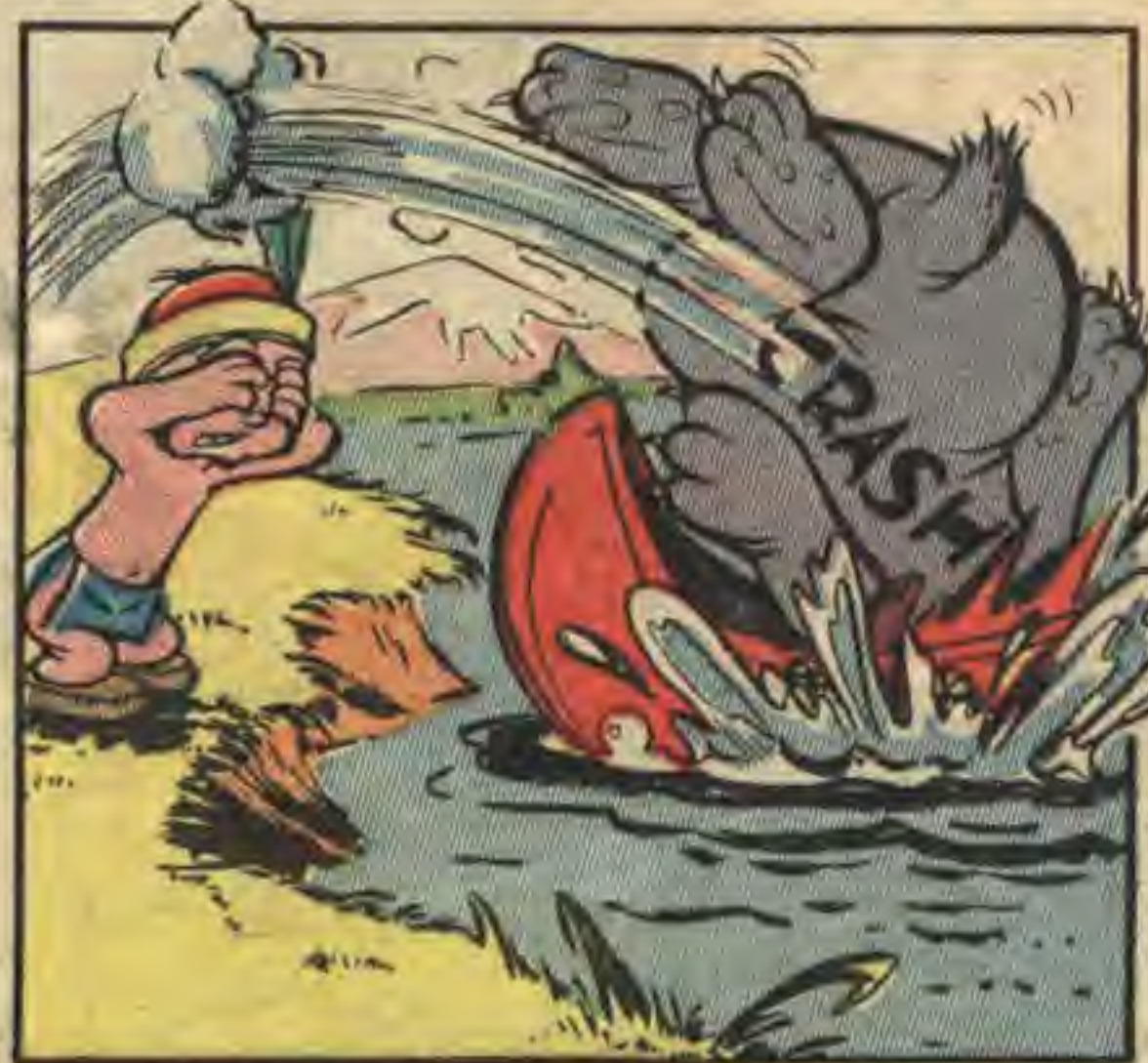
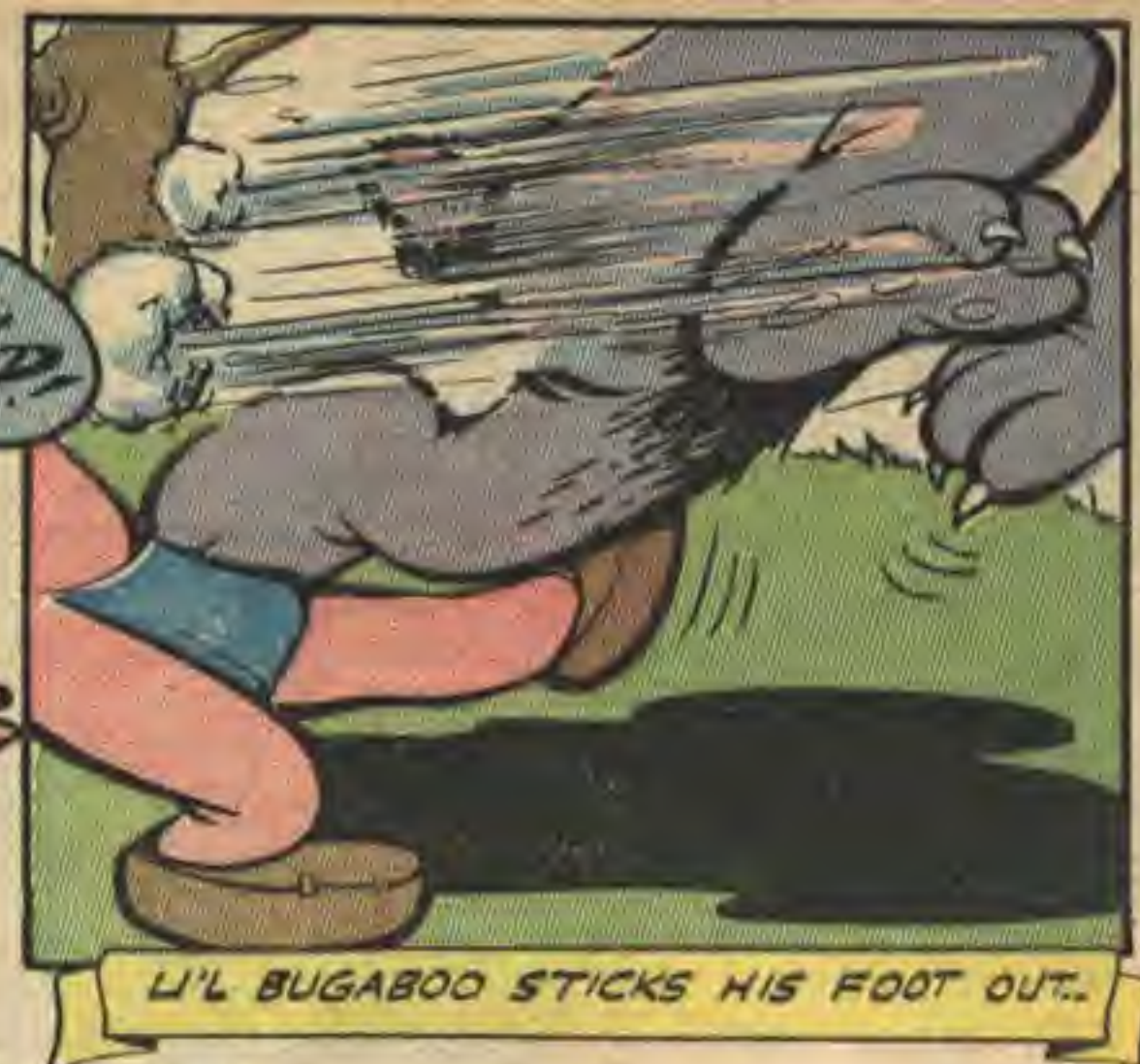












MARCO LOCO

Adventurer

LAND HO!
-GULP!!

by
CARL
HUBBELL

WE FIND TWO MEMBERS OF MARCO LOCO'S CREW CHATTING ON DECK...

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE HAD ANY EXCITEMENT, MERRY!

AYE!
I WISH WE WERE ASHORE!

SUDDENLY THE SKY DARKENS THERE IS A FEARFUL CLAP OF THUNDER THE SEA HEAVES TUMULTUOUSLY, AND A HUGE WATER SPOUT LIFTS THE SHIP INTO THE AIR!

WHAT NO?

MAN!
THE LIFEBOATS!

THE VESSEL FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND LANDS ON AN UNKNOWN SHORE...



OD'S BODKINS!
WE SEEM TO
BE AGROUND!

WE'RE AGROUND
ON THIS SIDE
TOO!



ALL I SAID WAS,
I WISHED WE
WERE ASHORE!

A STRANGE
BUSINESS, SNOOCH!
I WONDER WHERE
WE ARE?

MAYBE
THAT
FELLOW
KNOWS!



WHAT LAND
IS THIS,
FRIEND?

YOU MUST
BE STRANGERS
HERE!

YEP!
JUST DROPPED
IN!



ALAS! FLEE
WHILE YOU YET
MAY! THIS IS AN
EVIL LAND OF
WITCH-CRAFT
AND SPELLS!

WITCH-
CRAFT?
DON'T BE
SILLY!



IT IS TRUE!
MAY I BE STRUCK
DOWN DEAD! A
FEW YEARS AGO
THIS WAS A
HAPPY LAND!

LATELY, KING
JERQUE II HAS
BEEN PRACTICING
SORCERY, AND
NOW ALL IS
MISERY!

NO ONE CAN
TELL WHEN, OR
ON WHOM, THE
KING'S ILL.
DIRECTED SPELLS
WILL NEXT FALL!
IT IS INDEED AN
UNFORTUNATE
SITUATION!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH YOUR
HEAD! IT KEEPS
CHANGING!
I DON'T FEEL
VERY WELL!

AH YES!
SEE WHAT
I MEAN?





WHERE DO I FIND KING JERQUE?

AT THE PALACE, FOUR LEAGUES DOWN THE ROAD. YOU CAN'T MISS IT!!



MARCO AND SNOOCH ARRIVE AT THE PALACE...

WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE KING, MY MAN!

COME THIS WAY!



HIS MAJESTY, THE KING!



ARE YOU THE KING?

THAT I AM!

HAVE A CHAIR!



WELL, YOU'VE GOT MY SHIP ON THE ROCKS WITH YOUR G##*!! MAGIC! NOW, GET IT OFF, I SAY!

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASING! IT CAN'T BE DONE! SORRY!



SIX YEARS AGO, I SENT FOR A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MAGIC, WITH A VIEW TO CASTING A SPELL ON A POWERFUL ENEMY OF MY PEOPLE. ALL THE BOOKS ARRIVED...



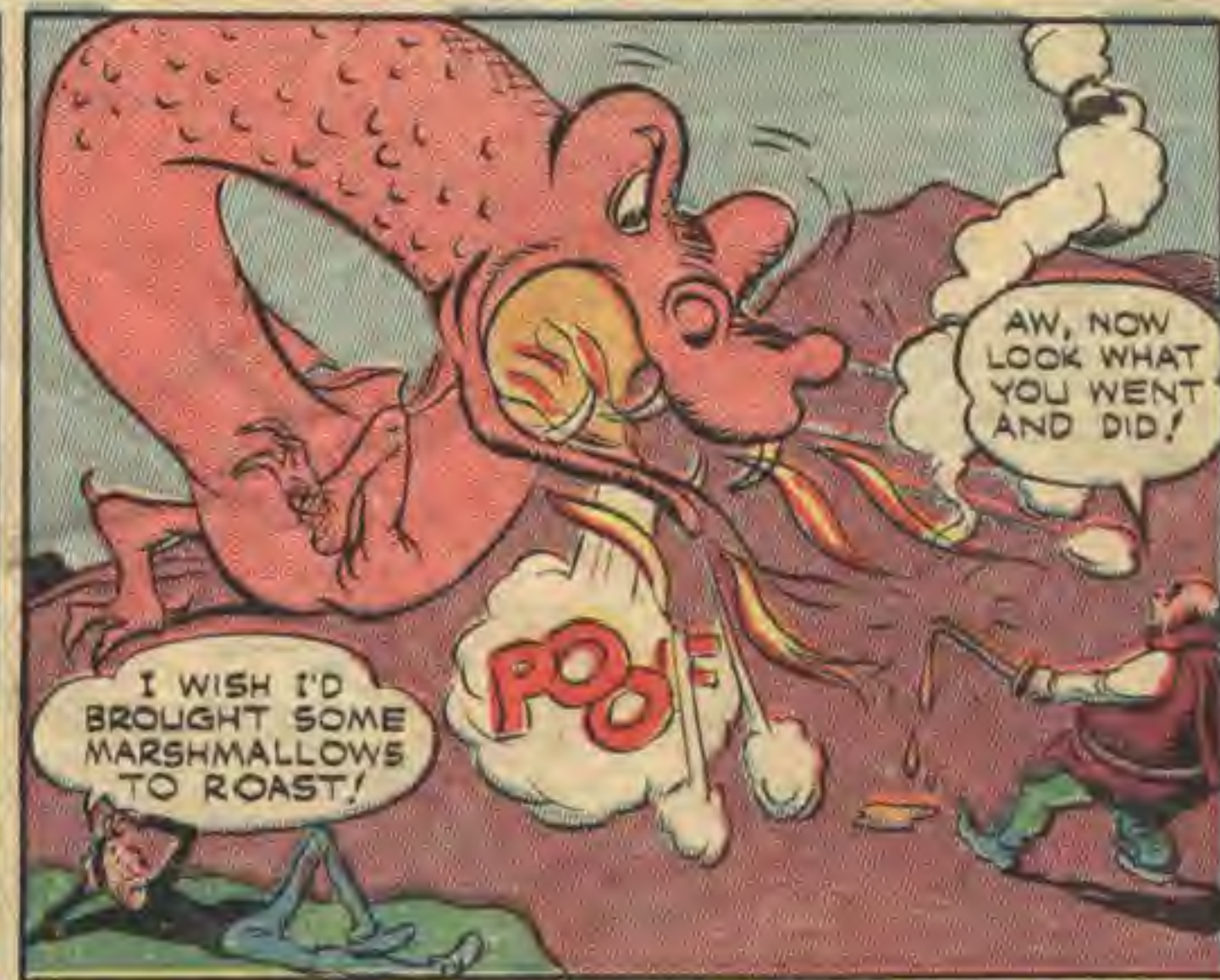
...EXCEPT VOLUME NO.7 WHICH EXPLAINS HOW THE SPELLS MAY BE DIRECTED AT A SPECIFIC PERSON. IN THE MEANTIME, THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL WENT OUT OF BUSINESS, SO IT HAS BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANOTHER COPY!

SAD, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



COME, SNOOCH, LET US GO TO THE CITY, AND SEEK VOLUME SEVEN!!

MAYBE IF WE TRIED ALL THE SECOND-HAND BOOK STORES?



THE POPULACE
WILL BE GRATEFUL
TO US, SNOOCH, IF
WE FIND THE MISSING
BOOK! THEY MUST
FIND THIS SORT OF
THING VERY TRYING,
POOR SOULS!

(SNERF)

AND HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
IN THIS CONDITION,
MY UNFORTUNATE
FELLOW?

GROWRRRR

I HAVE A
FEELING, SNOOCH,
WE HAVE MADE
A MISTAKE!

GRRR!

GULP!
LOOK OUT!

THIS IS THE
END, SNOOCH!
WHAT A HORRIBLE
FATE!

GOOD
BYE,
MARCO!

SAVED!

WELL, I'LL BE..
WHO MIGHT
YOU BE
GRANDPA?

I, SIR, AM
A POSTMAN!





TWO BOOKS Included FREE



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☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay on arrival, plus postage.
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Name
Address
City State

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR!

At Once!



"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Her's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

—FOR EVERY GIRL—

WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT OF YOUR APPEARANCE and PERSONALITY

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